

Eireannac Aontuiste

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Barnes and McCormick

On Ash Wednesday, 7th February, 1940, Peter Barnes and James McCormick, two members of the I.R.A. Expeditionary Force then operating in England, met their deaths at the hands of the English hangman in Birmingham Prison.

When the Government of the Irish Republic declared war on England in January, 1939, they were among the many brave soldiers who carried the fight into the heart of the Empire.

On the 31st August a bomb which was being carried to a military object in Coventry exploded. Although the death which resulted from this explosion was accidental, British justice is such that Peter Barnes of Offaly and James McCormick of Westmeath were found guilty of wilful murder.

Their memory will be enshrined forever in our country's story and their names will be linked till the end of time with Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

Hanged in Birmingham Jail, on Ash Wednesday, 7th February, 1940

The breath of Spring will quicken all
the wold,
And Hopes that "spring eternal"
quicken too;
The soldier's dream of freedom for his
Land,
A Freedom born when its hills were
new!
The soldier's hope to crush the con-
qu'ring horde
That quenched the precious light too
long ago.
The soldier's joy to lift again the
sword,
And strike once more the age-long
hated foe!

The joy, the hope, the dream took life
anew,
The foeman had on hands a struggle
too!
So Barnes, and McCormick took their
stand,
In springtime of their years, and
pulsing life,
With fellow soldiers in the foeman's
land.
To make anew the old, old holy strife,
The strife for Freedom! then the
foeman planned:
Two martyrs more should die for
Ireland!

ALICE FRENCH.

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TWO YEARS OF PROGRESS

Two more issues and *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe* will have completed the second year of its existence. It is a source of surprise to many, and a cause of heartfelt joy to those associated with its production, that it has survived so long. The difficulties encountered in the launching of it were such as to cause grave misgivings, even to the most optimistic, as to the feasibility of starting a monthly paper devoted to, and expounding the doctrine of Irish Republicanism. On occasions since the first issue appeared in print, it seemed as if it would be quite impossible to maintain the paper, due to the numerous and varied obstacles that cropped up. That it has survived, what we all hope will prove, its most difficult period, is due to the wholehearted co-operation of distributors and readers alike. The present writer is not, and has not been, a member of the Committee, and in paying its members, past and present, its distributors and readers, a passing tribute, is not unmindful of the part played by those others who have contributed articles, poems, etc. But he feels it would be better left to someone else to pen a tribute to them.

Having thus introduced this article by referring to the launching of *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe*, to the difficulties that had to be overcome, and to those to whom the credit must go for its continued existence, the writer hastens to add that the purpose of the article is not merely one of throwing bouquets. It is certain that those who produce it are not seeking any praise, however merited, for performing what all regard as a duty to Ireland and to the cause of enthroning the Irish Republic—the cause which *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe* was launched to promote and serve. Rather is it intended in this article to draw attention to the purpose for which it was started and to indicate the means by which the measure of success so far achieved can be extended.

In founding the paper, the purpose in mind was twofold: to preach the national gospel of Ireland's demand for complete separation from England

and to assist in the restoration of a national movement equal to the task of, and determined upon making that demand effective. It was intended that *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe* should become a medium for the expression of national thought and sentiment, that it would espouse the cause which the Republican movement has inherited, and that it would champion the sovereign right of the Irish people to full and complete independence. Like many of the "national" papers preceding it, it was launched at a period in national affairs when party politics and the manoeuvrings of political leaders threatened the very survival of a national consciousness among our people. To combat the political decadence, which, if allowed to continue will kill all national instinct, to arouse the Irish people to a realisation of the inherent danger of the very structure of the nation being undermined by the present system of party politics, and the senseless and aimless bickering and wrangling, and dissipation of national strength that flow from it, an organ founded on principles of nationality is sorely needed.

An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe has endeavoured to meet that need, and will continue its efforts to divorce our people from their support of political parties that serve only to foster disunity, and in practice, hamstringing every attempt at securing determined action of a national character, and, integration of the national territory on a nationwide basis, to achieve and maintain the right of the Irish people to self-determination. Through advocacy of the separatist doctrine, it aims at the promotion of organisations of a truly national character, and the restoration in our people of a confidence in their own strength and ability to achieve the National Ideal.

Advancing along these lines, *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe* shall contribute to and co-operate in the restoration of a national movement. The purpose of that movement shall be to get rid of English political, military, economic, social and cultural domination of Ireland—in a nutshell, to free Ireland from that hateful system comprised in, and described

by, the term British Imperialism—and to enthrone the Irish Republic, thus making possible the provision of a system of government in conformity with the will of the Irish people and adaptable to their interests and requirements. Such a movement, founded as it will be, on a broad national basis, and concerning itself primarily with serving the interests of the nation and all its people, provides the one hope and the only means of achieving the unity of purpose and the effort essential to securing the freedom of Ireland.

No Irishman—or woman who is prepared, next to God, to give his allegiance to the cause of his country's right to full nationhood and to serve that cause to the best of his ability and if need be to make sacrifices in the service of Ireland and the common good of her people—need be debarred on grounds of class, creed, or past affiliations, from participation in the movement.

Within such a movement, Irishmen and women, young and old, can labour for and serve the nation free from the distractions, confusions and recriminations, the stock-in-trade of political and sectarian leaders concerned only with party and selfish interests.

Having tried thus briefly to sketch the purpose and aim of *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe*, it yet remains to urge all associated with its circulation to add just a little extra push to their present effort. Considering all the circumstances, present circulation figures are remarkably good but if the purpose of the paper is to be achieved these figures must be increased and kept on an increasing scale from month to month. In this respect distributors and readers can help: the former by disposing of extra copies and the latter by introducing the paper to friends and acquaintances. It must be borne in mind that *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe* is not for distribution solely among active and known Republicans.

Its purpose can only be achieved by reaching out to those who to-day are not active participants in the effort

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Two Years Of Progress

to unite our people in service to the cause that it is the common interest of all to promote. It must be that many readers are capable of contributing articles and poems and if they assisted in this way it would considerably lighten the burden at present borne by those who produce the paper. Brief reports of Republican functions and activities and items of news of topical interest to Republicans should be forwarded for publication.

Co-operation by purchasing and reading *An t-Eireannach Aontuighthe* while laudible in itself, is not enough. Merely paying lip service to the principles of nationality upon which the paper takes its stand and to the doctrine of Irish Republicanism which it preaches, falls very far short of that service in the cause of her freedom that Ireland calls for, and has the right to receive, from her loyal sons and daughters. Where they are not already members of established units of the national

movement, readers should join without further delay. In districts where no unit exists, readers can get together and form one.

These are a few of the practical ways in which readers can help in securing the success of what, with God's help, shall be the final effort to smash English rule in Ireland and to undo the conquest in all its phases. The national movement which it is intended to restore shall be neither secret, political nor sectional. It shall at once provide an alternative to the present influences of political corruption and chicanery and at the same time present our people with the opportunity of uniting in common purpose and endeavour to complete the task handed on by the dead generations of Irishmen and women who never ceased to oppose by their wills and their strength the foreign domination of Ireland.

Easter Commemoration Ceremonies

Provisional arrangements have been made for the Easter Commemoration ceremonies in the following centres:

Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Portlaoighse, Clara, Nenagh, Clare, Waterford, Sligo, Tuam (Donoughpatrick Cemetery), Swinford, Ballina, Cavan, Leitrim, Dundaik, Drogheda, Cahirciveen, Tralee.

Local committees which have not yet been contacted should get in touch with the Secretary of the National Commemoration Committee, 9 North Frederick Street, Dublin.



The following news has reached us from the Coiste Cuimhneacháin Náisiúnta, 9 Sráid na nGort Arbhair, Baile Atha Cliath.

A meeting of the Sean Russell Memorial Committee was held in No. 9 North Frederick Street on Sunday, 5th February. Mr. Michael McGinn of Philadelphia, representing Clann na Gael of America, was present. Also in attendance were: Mr. Joseph Dunne, Chairman; Micheál O Conbhuidhe, Secretary; Miss E. Clarke, Treasurer; Mr. Sean Fitzpatrick, Domhnall O Glasáin, Joint Trustees; and the following members of the Committee: Messrs. Thomas Burke, Sean Goulding, Joseph Clarke, Maurice Twomey and Sean O Néill.

The Committee expressed themselves as eminently satisfied with the progress of the work to date. While no definite date was decided upon for the unveiling, it was agreed that this should take place during the summer of next year.

Readers

ON WEDNESDAY, 29th MARCH, THERE WILL BE A LECTURE AND MUSICAL EVENING IN THE "COUNTRY SHOP," ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF "AN tEIREANNACH AONTUIGHTHE." PLEASE RESERVE THAT DATE AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT. SUBSCRIPTION 2/-.

A LECTURE WILL ALSO BE GIVEN THERE ON MAY 11 TO COMMEMORATE SEAN McCAUGHEY. DETAILS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN OUR MARCH ISSUE.

"If only a few are faithful
found they must be all the more
faithful for being but a few,"

—Terence McSwiney

W. F. P. STOCKLEY

For some reason, I have been thinking a lot about him lately, the kindly professor whom we all knew, and who knew us all. To think of him is to be sad and not a little wistful. I wonder did any of us really appreciate the worth of the man, who through sheer love of truth, and in undeviating pursuit of it, found, and became part of, the national movement.

You see, he was not always an ardent Republican. Far from it. His upbringing, his family traditions and academic background would tie him with hoops of steel to the Empire. But the Empire itself, during World War I, with its utter disregard for even a semblance of the truth, became the instrument of his enlightenment and showed itself a hideous thing in his eyes. And so he turned in horror from it and began his questionings. For the Professor, questioning was a deep, implacable probing, a penetration right to the heart of the matter. And he laid bare the soul of the true Ireland and saw in it a spiritual thing of vibrant beauty. And loving it for its whiteness and its nobility, and its transcendent serenity, he espoused its cause with enthusiasm and joy. That was a brave thing for a University Professor to do in those days, but in his humble integrity, he seemed to have been utterly ignorant of having done anything even unusual.

We were young then, and he had a very beguiling way with the young, and a great technique of shocking us into thought, especially those impetuous ones of us who joined the national movement out of a love of excitement and adventure.

"Tell me now," he would say in his deceptively detached way, "tell me now what are the young men of Ireland thinking these days?"

And immediately you stammered and became tongue-tied, because you had given little thought to anything, much less to what the young men of Ireland might be thinking.

Though he never looked at you, he seemed to sense your embarrassment and he carried on without waiting for an answer.

"And are they agreed on how the freedom of Ireland can be achieved?"

"Oh yes, by force of arms of course."

"Very good! Very good! And when freedom is achieved, what then?"

"I don't understand you, Professor."

"Well, are the young men of Ireland prepared for government? Could they handle the Army, the Police, the Civil Service, the Law Courts, Local Government, Industry and Commerce, Fisheries, Forestry, Agriculture, Education, the Fine Arts? Are they making themselves fluent in Irish?—you know, you cannot be really Irish without the language. What do they propose to do about emigration? Do they know anything of foreign affairs?"

He asked all those questions in a guileless, mild way, staring ahead into space, and you felt glad that he did not see the shame crimsoning your face at not having an answer. Then suddenly he turned and you squirmed before the probing eyes—"Or do they think that all the problems must be left to the present members of Dail Eireann to tackle forever? Or is it that they believe they can all be solved by force of arms? Do they imagine they can wait until freedom is achieved before equipping themselves with all the knowledge required by statesmen?"

Then he smiled benignly and somehow the redness went and you felt somewhat comfortable again, though very much deflated. And you saw that your vaunted ability to handle every kind of firearm was only the beginning of things, after all, and you firmly resolved not to waste precious hours, in future, chalking billiard cues or shuffling cards.

Not that he wanted stodgy seriousness or staid sullenness. He always had a ready chuckle for a good joke and could invariably cap a humorous yarn with a more humorous one of his own. He sang atrociously—to outrage, in a good-natured way, the delicate ears of his sensitive wife—but even then there was something very authentic about his songs. He was much given to music, but he wanted no saccharine-lusciousness. Bach he enjoyed and Beethoven, and Mozart and Haydn, and some Liszt and a little Chopin and Wagner (when he wasn't too intense) and Schubert and Hugo Wolf. But the old liturgical masters, Palestrina, Allegri, Vittoria, Orlando di Lasso, etc., love of these made him travel long distances from his home to the Cathedral. His entry into the Cathedral with his wife was a ceremonial affair and one heard much shuffling and shifting in his favourite

seat—right opposite the Choir—as people pushed and crushed to make room. Then came the calm after the storm, and one saw the composure of his countenance responding to the majesty of the liturgy and the sublimity of the music. He did not care very much for some of the modern French musicians, and so one rather expected his snort of indignation when John McCormack sang the sugar-coated, rather sentimental "Panis Angelicus" of Cesar Franck at the Eucharistic Congress.

"Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!" he muttered savagely.

He was a widely-cultured man, with the mellow ripeness of many countries and many languages. He was vehement almost to incoherence in asserting the importance of the Irish Language for Ireland, the necessity there was for it to mould normally and naturally the Irish mind. "A language has its own peculiar atmosphere, and surely the atmosphere of Ireland should be Irish." He loved Irish traditional songs and tunes and in the soirees held so often in his home, he continued to have many a good Irish traditional item.

He abhorred things shoddy—shoddy pictures, shoddy statues, shoddy stained-glass—"execrable"—shoddy buildings, shoddy music, shoddy thinking, shoddy reasoning, shoddy writing, shoddy politics. His one criterion and canon of criticism was the truth, and God help the individual who consciously offended against truth. If he perpetrated anything false, if he produced anything not true to experience, not true to universal feeling, he was flayed unmercifully by a lashing, irate, scorning professor.

No doubt being human the Professor had his faults (they tell me that he was irascible and hasty in his earlier years) but the greying of fifty years was in his hair when we first came to know him. The gnarled discipline of age had helped to eradicate at least the most obvious of his faults, and so we at any rate, can look back to one who apparently had a blameless life, to meet whom and to speak with whom, was a salutary, wholesome experience.

God be with him, he died full of years and wisdom. We were all in jail when he was laid to rest. Otherwise we should have made his cortege much longer. But, perhaps, he preferred it so. He was a simple man, simple in his living and in his tastes. No doubt he wished for a simple funeral. Our prayers for the repose of his soul were simple and sincere. Requiescat in Pace.

AMICUS

FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED IN AMERICA BY EMMET MCGINN

The strongest common bond uniting mankind throughout the world, is love of liberty and willingness to sacrifice anything to achieve it. From man's earliest record to the present time the names that glow forth from the yellowed pages of history are, not the great names of rulers who controlled men's lives, not the great poets and orators who stirred men's hearts, not the great scientists who eased men's bodies, but the simple honest men of every race: Leonidas of Greece, Horatio of Rome, William Tell of Switzerland, Washington of America, McSwiney of Ireland, who by sacrificing themselves for the ideal of freedom, ennobled men's souls.

Throughout history's pages, there is no story so sorrowful yet so grand, as the story of Ireland's seven century struggle to achieve her independence.

Indeed no country on earth has laboured so long or so diligently at any task, has suffered so much, has failed so often, and yet has had the strength, the courage and the character to try again.

The dying words of Emmet: "When my country takes her place amongst the nations of the earth, then, and not until then, let my epitaph be written"; the glorious prayer of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien: "God Save Ireland" were spoken in front of a hostile tribunal, as they faced an ignominious death on the scaffold, for a cause which in their day, at least, was doomed to failure. Yet no cheek grew pale, no eye lost its light, no tone faltered. They spoke in a tone which told of a mind which persecution could not subdue, and which faced death without a shudder, secure in the knowledge that their action would beget followers eager to emulate them.

They failed, it is true, to accomplish what they attempted, but they inspired others to follow their example so that it might be said that Tone and Emmet are immortal. It was their action, their conduct that begot Pearse and his followers; they in turn carried the torch so nobly that their followers remain as true to

their ideals to-day as they themselves were to the ideals of Tone and Emmet.

The daring and heroism of generations inspired the men of 1916, and resulted in the establishment of the Irish Republic, and Ireland's legions of heroic dead were repaid for their centuries of sacrifice, when in 1918, the people of all Ireland, north and south, voting in a free election, selected the Irish Republic as the Government under which they wished to live. 74% of the population of all Ireland voted for the Republic, the most unanimous election in the history of suffrage anywhere on earth.

It was only the noble example of her stalwart heroes that inspired such a preponderance of Ireland's people to their unity of choice. The Government of the Irish Republic was established by the will of the Irish people at a free election and that Government still stands, the only legitimate Government in Ireland. It was put down by force and Ireland was partitioned, but the only force on earth that can morally and legally disestablish the Irish Republic is the force that brought it into being—the will of the Irish people.

While generation after generation, such men can be found to suffer willingly as they have suffered for Ireland, the ultimate triumph of her aspirations cannot be doubted. Nor can the national faith be despaired of while it has martyrs so numerous and so heroic; and studying the spirit they have so nobly displayed, and marking the effect of their conduct on the majority of their countrymen, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that so much and such persistent sacrifice must eventuate in success, and that Ireland, for whom so many brave men offered their lives in so many succeeding generations, is not destined to disprove the rule that:

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The question that should be of paramount interest to everyone here is WHEN?

WHEN will Ireland achieve her destiny?

WHEN will Emmet's epitaph be written?

WHEN will Ireland be a sovereign nation?

To those of you who are native Irishmen I ask a simple question: How can you reconcile your natural feelings, with your failure to stand up for your country's rights. How can you answer your conscience and disclaim your individual responsibility to exert your influence to achieve your country's freedom. By what spurious reasoning can you applaud the memory of Ireland's heroic dead, and support a Government in Ireland that is even one iota short of the principles for which they died?

To the native born American of Irish blood I can perhaps make the best appeal, because we are kindred souls. We are citizens of a land endowed by God with plenty, and with a form of Government that allows us the freedom to become great. But we were not always that way—time prevents a comprehensive account of Ireland's part in achieving our greatness, but I will call a few witnesses to testify to Ireland's part in achieving our freedom.

According to England's General Robertson (1777) who spent 24 years in America—the only way to put down the American Revolution was to stop emigration from Ireland since 60% of the troops were Irish-born, another 25% were of Irish extraction.

General Stephen Moylan commanded all cavalry in the Continental Army.

Of the 50,000 men recruited in Washington's Army from Pennsylvania and New York, 74% were Irish.

The men in command of troops at the major battles in the Revolutionary War included:

Capt. Timothy Murphy at Saratoga; Major John Kelly at Stony Brook; Lt. James Gibson at Stony Point; Capt. Wm. O'Neill at Brandywine; the first general killed was Richard Montgomery — ALL WERE NATIVE BORN IRISHMEN.

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**SEAN TREACY HOUSE,
94, SRÁID SEÁIN UÍ TREASAÍG,
(94 TALBOT ST.), DUBLIN
FEBRUARY, 1950**

Whither are we heading?

A very enjoyable musical evening was held in the "Country Shop," on 27th January, under the auspices of "An t-Eireannac Aontuighthe." During the evening Alice French read an interesting paper entitled, "Whither are we heading?" Referring to an extract from Tom Barry's, "Guerilla Days in Ireland," where he tells that he had reached the age of seventeen and had never been told of Wolfe Tone or Robert Emmet—though he did know about the Kings of England and when they came to the throne—and while being completely ignorant of the victory over the Sassenach at Benburb he could tell the dates of Waterloo and Trafalgar and so on—the lecturer wondered was the phase of ignorance of Irish History repeating itself. She continued:—

Will there grow up Irish children in another decade of our country's history, who will not hear about Easter Week, or about the struggle for Independence in the years which followed. Or about our martyrs of the 1920's. Or about those of the 1940's. Or about Barnes and McCormick, hanged in Birmingham, on Ash Wednesday, 1940? Will Irish children be told instead about our growing friendship with England in those years, and of the blessing to our country from that friendship with the great Empire, on which the sun must not set or the civilisation of the world might perish? Will they hear about the value of the common citizenship achieved between our country and the British Commonwealth for the benefit of our emigrants, who must leave Ireland to seek a livelihood in England and her Dominions, and for the benefit also of those clever, self-seeking, ambitious Irish born men who will get into the service of England's Empire, and gain for her more conquests, and for themselves brilliant spectacular awards from

the gracious King, who will decorate them, promote them, title them, and fete them! In days to come shall Irish children hear glowing accounts of the dash of the British ship, Amethyst, down the Yangtse river, and of the gallant Irishman, who in the year of the Republic, 1949, officered her? Are we heading that way to-day?

"Common Citizenship" is undoubtedly an advantage to those of our countrymen who will seek a living in England, and her Dominions, and equally undoubtedly, we may credit the politicians of this country, with thinking of, and seeking that advantage, but they should not have forgotten that England concedes nothing, ever, for which she does not get paid on the double! At least not to small nations! In this case she needs our workers—and she is getting them—to build up her depleted economy—so devastatingly depleted by her own war mongering. She needs them also to help her to build a new war potential, for the expansion, as well as the existence of her Empire, so shaken on its foundations, also by her war mongering. She needs Ireland's young men, as soldiers and workers, to help her to enslave their own, and other lands.

She needs too, in her Services those honours chasing Irishmen and women, of which, unfortunately for our country, we have so many. England is gaining far more from this mutual adjustment of citizenship than we are. It is enabling her to accomplish the peaceful penetration of Southern Ireland by sturdy English-born Empire builders—another plantation of our country, while Empire building—or should I say rehabilitating—among the unfortunate natives of other countries is being carried on by the "fighting Irish" in the King's service.

She never fails to decorate those

honours-chasing Irishmen, those self-seeking title hunters. That is her policy—to seduce our people from loyalty to their own country, and into the service of hers! She never keeps a treaty with them, however, if it suited her to break it. How often has our country experienced: "The treaty broken e'er the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry?" What would a drastic stocktaking of our dealings with England show up to-day? Which are we serving best—England or Ireland? Will a day ever come when we can take up a newspaper and read without finding in it an account of the exploits, gallantry, skill and enterprise of some Irishborn man in the service of England's Empire, and of the powers, and honours conferred on him by England's King, or Government? Let us hope and pray that a day may come soon, when there will be an end to this degrading phase of our history, and that we may see a time, when the bravery, ability, and fealty of every Irishman will be given to Ireland alone and our people will stop hankering after the carrots dangled before them by England! Let us hope that a day may come soon when our countrymen will leave England to do her own dirty work, of subjecting other lands, and will give all their loyalty and service to their own land—to Ireland!

It is plain to be seen to-day, that despite the repeal of the External Relations Act, England still has her talons stuck firmly in the heart of our country. Her King still claims to be "King of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions." No doubt she expects in the near future another "Act of Union." Or does she claim that the various Acts passed since 1921, have had no effect on the Union? Anyhow the King's title, "King of Ireland," remains for future use!

Most of us remember the enacting of a Constitution in the early years of the previous Government of this part of our mutilated country. That Constitution together with many English enacted Acts is now the law of this State. It purported to be a Constitution for our national territory and it told us that the national territory consists of the whole island of Ireland—its islands and territorial seas, but added that "pending the reintegration of the national territory the laws enacted should have the like area, and extent of application as the laws of Saorstát Eireann and the like extra territorial effect." Otherwise the laws enacted under that Constitution would only have effect in the "Free

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State" constituted by England. Clearly—constitutionally—England's law must not be over-ruled by either of her States in this island. She expects both her puppet Governments in Ireland to maintain her law of Partition, and they both do!

In the end of 1949, we had a pantomime piece here more curious than any of the happenings in wonderland! A native of County Down, with a boat registered at Kilkeel—a place that once upon a time was part of the island of Ireland!—was arrested, charged, convicted and fined, for being a foreigner from County Down, he unlawfully entered Irish territorial waters! Thus the law of this "Republic" upholds England's law of Partition, as of course it is in duty bound to do. Yet earlier in 1949, when England's Parliament passed a Bill which they called "The Ireland Bill" reiterating their guarantees for the permanency of Partition, the Government here, and their Parliamentary opposition, united in a very fine display of indignation. They inaugurated an Anti-Partition League, and they collected a large sum of money—presumably to fight Partition, but I'm afraid that money will never be used in any way that will seriously affect England's law in this country. Some of it has already been used to help to send members into the Parliament of the State, for the upholding of which the "Border" was erected, thus recognising the right of the existence of that State and its border! Is it a policy of maintaining the Border to abolish the Border, like taking an oath of fealty to England's King to abolish an oath of fealty to England's King?

Thomas Davis tells us that, "Righteous men shall make our land, a Nation once again." Is there much righteousness in taking an oath, to break it? Or much righteousness in upholding a law, bolstering up a Border which we indignantly denounce? England knows that so long as she can keep politicians spouting indignation one moment, and upholding her law, the next moment, there is not much danger that they will think of the proper, and only way to wrest her conquest from her, and abolish her law within the national territory of Ireland, for all time. Her maxim of divide and conquer serves her well. Her claws are as firmly embedded as ever, in the heart of our country to-day.

Whither indeed are we heading?

Elections In The North

To-day, Saturday 21st, January, Sinn Fein opens its election campaign in support of the Republican candidates in the North. We have deliberately chosen this date for the opening of our campaign because of its historic connections. On the 21st January, 1919, Dail Eireann, the Government of the Republic, was first established. It had been brought into existence as a result of the sweeping victory of the Sinn Fein Movement in the general election of 1918. The Government of the Republic, Dail Eireann, continued to administer the affairs of the country in spite of all the efforts of terror and brutality exercised by the British enemy. It weathered the Black-and-Tan storm for three hectic years and by doing so it crystallised in itself the nation's urge to freedom, and set the standard by which future generations should work. It is on this basis that Sinn Fein is now going forward and no more auspicious date could be found for the launching of our campaign than the 21st January.

Why is Sinn Fein contesting this particular election?

In the Six Counties, any candidate going forward for Stormont must give a prior guarantee that, if elected, he will take his seat. No such guarantee is required for the Westminster elections. We have therefore decided to avail ourselves of the opportunity now offered, as it will not arise again for another five years.

Why go forward as abstentionists?

The main objection to taking seats is that all sitting representatives must take an oath of loyalty to the King of England, and also by taking his seat, a representative gives his tacit consent to the claim of England to rule Ireland. Therefore no Irishman willing to sit in Westminster can truthfully claim to be a Republican, or even an Anti-Partitionist.

What is the attitude to the Anti-Partition League, etc.?

We hold that the term "anti-partition" is a very definite **understatement** of the National demand. At best an anti-partition campaign is only a negative policy. We demand that the Republican Parliament for the Thirty-Two Counties must be re-assembled and that it alone has the right to rule Ireland. This is a positive aim as apart from mere talk about doing away with the Border, and it is to emphasise this aim that we are choosing Republican prisoner candidates. These men, by their service to the Republican cause and more particularly by their long suffering for it, personify the will to resist British aggression. They symbolise the national demand for freedom and, for that reason, are the best possible standard-bearers for our cause.

Statement issued by Sinn Fein, on January 21st.

VOTE FOR
STEELE AND McATEER
THE SINN FEIN CANDIDATES
WHO STAND FOR AN
IRISH REPUBLIC

TRODAIRÍ NA TREAS BRIOGÁRÓE

Nuair a léimís san stair ar éadta na
bpear

Do éirí anallód go dána,
as éileam a gceart le paobair is neart
i gcomne na slóis tar sáile—
Ná léigimis ar ceal cumhne an dream?
Do tuit i dtíobraio áramn,
agus éire go fann pá léiscrisios Gall—
Trodaí na Treas Briogároe.

Le nais Sulcóróe d'áonamair an gleo
Nuair a baineamar dá dtreoir an gárda,
'S as stáisiún Énoc lunge ruig bua
na droimse

Do seas nár gcomne san stánad.
Bí sceimle 's sceon ar cladaíri Seom
'Siad as teicead lena mbeo tar sáile,
Ac bí págairt cun gleo agus méiríar
tar meon
Ar trodaí na Treas Briogároe.

Do seasadair fóir ar an Ashtown Road
Aicme d'Óglais láire,
'S do leasad sa comhlann éruaró, mo
brón,

An Sabaoiseac cróda cáilmear;
i gCatair blá' Cliaí bíod cata do síor
Dá bpearad go dian ar na sráidib,
'S pé áit ma mbíod, i lár an ghliaí
Bíod trodaí na Treas Briogároe.

Ina nouctais péim cois na Siúire glé
Ón gCarraig go Tíobraio áramn
'S ó Caiseal na dtreán go fearann an
tsléibe
Ar teorann tuaró pórcláirge,

Bí cumadct is réim as arm na nGael
'S na cruapóic céasta cráite,
'S a dtáoisig tréana sinne ar fear
as trodaí na Treas Briogároe.

Tá curó den tslóis a maireann beo
Do éirí anallód go dána,
'S tá curó, mo brón, 'na luige fén
bpo

Do tuit sa gcomhlann gáipeac;
Is é ar nguibe amac ó croí
Go bpeictear a n-aimm in áirde
'S an onóir is cóir 'a tabairt go fóill
Do trodaí na Treas Briogároe.

Is mó fear tréan díob do tuit go
laocda

A bfuil a n-aimm anois in áirde
Mar Seángeal Treacy is Dinny Lacey,
na Sadliers is Paddy Dalton.

Ar son na héireann cuaró gearr ar a
saol-san

'S ar saol a lán dá gcáirde;
Ac le hártaí fíor fuair bás dá dtír
Trodaí na Treas Briogároe.

Ná déanamis dearmad ar na tréiníir
ú

Tug saor sinn ar uair na práimne;
Nár tréig an cúis dá méir a nguais
Ac d'éas gan gnuaim 'na dtáimte.
I gcomne na nGall do seasais go teann
as troir le fonn ar son ghráimne;
Is cóspamíó ar ball a leact ós a
gceionn—

Trodaí na Treas Briogároe.
COLM Ó DUIBIR.

EMMET McGINN'S ORATION

(continued from page 5)

The first Commodore of the American Navy was Capt. John Barry. Eleven Irishmen had the privilege of being signers of the Declaration of Independence. 21 Irishmen in Philadelphia established the Pa. Bank and two Irish societies subscribed $\frac{1}{3}$ of its capital to finance Washington's army.

These are my witnesses to show any American that he need only be proud to support Ireland's fight for freedom. But as my final witness I call, George Washington Curtis, grandson of George Washington, an American of English extraction, to bear witness to the debt that America owes Ireland.

"And why is this imposing appeal made to our sympathies. It is an appeal from that very Ireland whose generous sons, alike in the day of our gloom and of our glory, shared in our misfortunes and joined in our success; who, with undaunted courage, breasted the storm which once threatening to overwhelm us, howled with fearful desolating fury through this now happy land; who, with aspirations deep and fervent for our cause, whether under the walls of the Castle of Dublin, in the shock of our liberty's battles, or in the feeble expiring accents of famine and misery, amidst the horrors of the prison ships, cried from their hearts 'God Save America.' Tell me not of the aid which we received from another European nation in the struggle for independence; that aid was most, nay, all essential to our ultimate success; but remember, years of the conflict had rolled away. Of the operatives in war, I mean the soldier—up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of one hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever."

* * *

And who dare quench that sacred fire?
And who dare give them blame?
Since he who draws too near the glow
Shall break into a flame—
They lit a fire in their land
Built of the souls of men,
To make thee warm once more,
"Kathleen,"
To bide thee live again.

BUIDHEACHAS

We wish to acknowledge with gratitude the generous donation to the Paper Fund recently received from the Clan na Gael organisation in America.

We take this opportunity too, to restate our appreciation of the continued support of our American Committee in New York and to all those others who have contributed in any way to helping the work of maintaining "An tEireannach Aontuighthe."

NEWS COMMENTARY

The "Super-Horror."

There is little doubt but that one of the most immoral acts of the last war was the dropping of the Atom Bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Two devastating missiles¹ were projected into a highly-populous area and civilisation, already reeling under the onslaughts of cosmic savagery, crumbled as in mortal agony. No amount of special pleading can adduce extenuating circumstances for this infernal attack. No appealing to the ghastly horrors of concentration camps (not at all the monopoly of Germans, as "allied" propaganda would try to convince us), no tongue-in-cheek excuses of shortening the war or saving combatants' lives, can mitigate the phantasmagoric horror of an indiscriminate, ruthless, all-over attack on non-combatants, unborn² as well as born, women, children, sick, infirm and aged, priests, monks, clergymen, nuns, nurses, hospital staffs³. By very strained ethics, one could, perhaps, plead the existence of military installations and sources of war supplies as justification for the annihilating air attacks on cities and towns. But no ethic could possibly be found to justify the catastrophic chain of destruction caused by the Atom-Bombs.

Now we hear of the manufacture of the "Super-Horror"—the Hydrogen Bomb. Its sphere of destruction is

¹ Uranium is the basic element in the Atom Bomb. A pound of it (about the size of a small polish box) on total disintegration, would release as much energy as the Shannon Scheme working under full load for a year.

² A number of survivors of the actual blast of the bomb were exposed to its deadly radio-active rays. All their offspring were still-born.

³ When the *Lusitania*, which was reputedly carrying war supplies, and the *Athenia*, which sank in doubtful circumstances, were torpedoed, Allied propaganda was quick to exploit their fate as the greatest horrors of the Wars, because those two ships had non-combatants on board. The total number of non-combatants was negligible compared to the number destroyed by the Atomic Bombs.

approximately 100 square miles. Imagine a circle over 11½ miles in diameter. Everything within the circumference of that circle would be blasted to annihilation. Belfast would be completely wiped out, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Waterford. If the Hydrogen Bomb were dropped near Nelson Pillar, it would destroy all the area from Whitehall to Cabra West, Finglas to Inchicore, Rathfarnham to Mount Merrion, Dundrum to Clontarf. To think of justifying the manufacture and use of such a weapon, even as a deterrent to the overweening ambition of a monstrous empire, shows an aberrated code of morals of the most disordered kind. I do not grant that any war which America would wage would be a holy war. America is too materialistic for that. But for the sake of argument, let us imagine that it would be. One does not fight for God against the devil by out-devilling the devil in diabolical weapons.

We Irish may seem to be independent of all the conflicting elements agitated with the problem of those bombs. But war impinges on everyone nowadays. And so we must have resort to our spiritual weapons of prayer and self-sacrifice. We still believe in public, as well as private morality, we still want to abide by the saving ethics of the Decalogue. Let us then have a closer and more intimate dependence on God, and make a more insistent appeal to Him to save the world and civilisation from the suicidal machinations of power-crazed statesmen and atom-demented scientists.

Ireland, Culture and Bach.

"Ireland had been left outside the Roman Empire, and seemed to have been left outside all the European cultural activities ever since." So declared Mr. F. C. J. Swanton, F.R.C.O., in a lecture on Bach recently. It is, perhaps, unfair to draw conclusions from only one sentence taken, maybe, out of its context. But such a remark is just what one would expect from a group of "superior" English, "educated" persons and their ascendancy counterparts in Ireland, who would enlighten the mere Irish. Of course, their cultural sphere, though they presume to pontificate about Europe,

is narrowly confined to England. Their notion of culture is the smudgy, simpering, sentimental emanation which oleographed titled ladies in gilt-edged albums, painted little posies on fire-screens, pressed ferns and pansies ("for thoughts") between leaves of books, studied "Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen," sang "Alice, where art thou?" at tea-parties, knitted socks for the troops, exploited women and children and physically-wrecked men in soul-and-body-destroying factories and mines, denied human dignity to the unfortunates whom fate sent to them as servants, and went to church on Sundays to hear a recital of Bach and Handel instead of taking an active part in a liturgical ceremony.

Their record in Ireland is one of wrecking Irish culture, breaking all Ireland's intimate contacts with the continent, and brutally suppressing all efforts towards cultural self-expression.

They know no Irish and whatever little idea they have of the country they have got it through the jaundiced vision of absenteeism. They have no feeling for Irish literature, Irish music, Irish archaeology, Irish art. They apparently never heard of even St. Patrick who brought much Roman culture to Ireland. They could not have a knowledge of Aodh Mac Aingil, Alumnus of Louvain who composed one of the greatest religious poems in any language, nor of Flaithrí O'Maolchonaire, Archbishop of Armagh, whose mind was universally recognised as a rich storehouse of Irish and European culture. They are completely ignorant of the author of "A bhean a fuair faill ar an bhfeart" (translated as "O woman of the piercing wail" by Mangan, who, incidentally, even in Trinity, was famous as a man of wide European learning). That poem shows an intimate knowledge of Rome as well as of Ireland.

They sedulously avoid any mention of the eminent European scholars whom their forebears tortured and executed—for example, Blessed Oliver Plunkett and Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel. Their restricted vision has never been allowed to dwell

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NEWS COMMENTARY

(continued from page 9)

on the name of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, great European military leader and conqueror of Benburb. They take no cognisance of St. Gall, St. Columbanus and St. Fiacre and all the other great Irish missionary saints who brought culture to England and Europe. The name Luke Wadding means nothing to them. Blind Carolan, who was one of the greatest authorities in Ireland on Corelli and other Italian composers, need never have existed as far as they are concerned. Incidentally, do they realise that one of the greatest organists in either Ireland or England is an Irishman living in Dublin?

Goodness knows, we are at present very low in the cultural scale—from Irish standards—but we have a right to resent the gratuitous remarks of comparatively unknown people, who have no European standing, whose only claim to being heard is fellowship of some English "Royal" college or other.

Perhaps it would be no harm to conclude this with a quotation from an eminent English music critic—"We can glance at contemporary activity in this country (England) and pass on. It does not appear that there is to-day in England any music of significance as far as the big issues and long historical view of the art are concerned. English music remains parochial despite the irresistible infiltration of continental influences . . . Our last composer may be said to be

Dr. Arne (1710-1778)."

—Christian Darnton

—"You and Music" (1940).

The Tricolour.

At a Special Crimes' Court at Armagh (doesn't the name ring very familiar?), two men were charged with "displaying a tricolour consisting of three vertical stripes, green, white and yellow." In the course of the proceedings, the following questions and answers ensued:

Counsel to Sergt. Nethercott: I suggest if you had not interfered with the flag, it would have remained an orderly procession?

Witness: It is quite possible. If the flag had not been raised, it would have remained orderly.

Counsel: Supposing that it had been the Soviet flag, would you have interfered with it?

District Inspector Ferris (prosecuting): That is an unfair question. Counsel pressed the question.

Witness: I would not have interfered with the Soviet flag unless I had received instructions to do so.

The men were given the benefit of the Probation of Offenders' Act.

The incident is one of many and deserves, perhaps, no special mention except as a pointer to a widespread mentality. The sergeant is not unique in his attitude. He is one of a huge number who have a decided allergy to things national. There is a real partition between their minds and ours.

I personally admit to almost a complete ignorance of the Six-County mentality—even among so-called Nationalists—until I had gone North two or three times and spent prolonged periods there. I am sure thousands in the North have a corresponding ignorance. Therefore as a prelude to getting rid of the physical Border, we must smash the psychological partition. Without in any way conceding our principles of freedom, we must achieve a liaison of minds. That may not be an immediate feasibility, but we must direct our efforts towards it. Otherwise there will be a maladjustment between two conflicting mentalities which will set all physical efforts at naught. That is a problem I leave to other contributors to solve.

Straws in the Wind.

It is scarcely necessary to comment on the following item of news, beyond adverting to a significant trend in "commonwealth" thought—"The Canadian ski team's demand for the playing of 'O Canada' at the World Ski Championships at Lake Placid, led Government officials here (Ottawa) to declare that 'God Save the King' is, without doubt, still Canada's official anthem."

I should like to comment on other matters but I think I have trespassed on valuable space rather overmuch already.

Tomás O Glaisigh.

ARTICLES, POEMS AND NEWS ITEMS OF NATIONAL INTEREST WILL BE VERY WELCOME AND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD REACH OUR OFFICE ON THE 20th OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING PUBLICATION

Words That Are Recalled

I want to explain the extracts which I sent along under the title "Words that are Recalled." They are the result of reading approximately thirty books or articles. I have tried to have a beginning, a middle and a climax and an end. I have tried to bring out the spirituality of a nation, the necessity of a nation being founded on sanctity, which is the logical sequence to sanity. Even in the extract about the native language I have tried to emphasise the disintegrating and therefore insane mentality of allowing it to die. But it all leads up to the viciousness of Freemasonry—which received a special consideration during the Treaty period. The whole structure of this State is based on consideration of that viciousness and so, there can be no true sanctity, no true sanity and consequently no integrated nation.

"LEIGHTHEOIR"

It is better to be humbled with the meek than to divide spoils with the proud.

—Proverbs, XVI, 19

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

—Gerald Manley Hopkins

Splendid and holy causes are served by men who are themselves splendid and holy.

—P. H. Pearse

This book is not about sanctity, only about sanity. But sanity points straight towards sanctity.

—F. J. Sheed

I shall disobey if justice and truth wish it.

—Charles Peguy

Never forget this truth: A man is worth that which he seeks, that to which he is attached

—Dom Columba Marmion

The artist jumps to conclusions. The scientist, centuries later, verifies the artist's bold assertion.

—Sidney Harrison

When a man takes a position of trust, influence and honour, and, whatever the difficulty, abandons a principle he should hold sacred, he must be held responsible.

—Terence MacSwiney

The greater the capacity bestowed on man, the greater and more enormous becomes his misapplication of it, the more responsible is he for his errors.

—Schiller

I climb no hills, the valley calls me now,
And all my sky moves surely to the west.
I weep the brightness ebbing from the brow,
The proud heart grown so timid in the breast.

Susan L. Mitchell

Both superabundance of riches and beggary are to be avoided by those who wish to live according to virtue, in so far as they are occasions of sin.

St. Thomas Aquinas

Justice for workers and employers is the driving force of trade unions and employers' associations. Justice for the consumer and public is the *raison d'être* of functional bodies.

—Vocational Organisation Commission

The care of the national language I consider at all times a sacred trust . . . A nation which allows her language to go to ruin is parting with the best half of her intellectual independence, and testifies her willingness to cease to exist.

F. Schlegel

A nation is not what it considers itself to be in time, but what God thinks about it in eternity.

—Vladimir Soloviev

It is a fact, however, that human freedom suffers from the fact that man is himself a wounded creature, and that his freedom must itself be liberated before he can achieve the full perfection of his living.

—Fr. James, O.F.M. Cap.

The process of success consists in marching with the others; the process of glory consists in marching against the others.

—Ernest Hello

Nothing more wicked can be conceived.

—Pope Leo XIII on Freemasonry

It is hereby declared that existing enactments, relative to unlawful oaths or unlawful assemblies in Ireland, do not apply to the meetings or proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Ireland or of any Lodge or Society recognised by that Grand Lodge. Neither the Parliament of Southern Ireland nor the Parliament of Northern Ireland shall have power to abrogate or affect prejudicially any privilege or exemption of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Ireland.

—The Government of Ireland Act

(Note—There are 1,091 Masonic Lodges in Ireland according to the Freemasons' Calendar, 1949).

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord: the people whom He hath chosen for His inheritance.

—Ps. 32, quoted in "The Doctrine of Psalms in the Magnificat."

But if you cut the borrowed matter out, What do you think there would be left to you?

I'd thought to read my laughter and my tears,
All that rejoices me and all that grieves,
My loves, my hopes, my hatreds and my fears;
—And found the thing a bundle of blank leaves!

—Thomas Bodkin

The Organisation for Irish-Americans

AMERICAN FRIENDS OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC

Stands for the Christian, Democratic, Republic of Ireland proclaimed in 1916. No "association" with the British Crown.

Our motto is SINN FEIN

Write for Literature.

Capt. S. O'Deorain, National Secretary, 2554 University Place, Washington 9, D.C.

AN GATH GRÉINE

Cúinne Do'n Aos-Ós

A Leanbái Dúise,

Ní féadfaínn mórán scríbhneoireachta do dhéanam le tamall anuas. Sin i an cúis go raib dúine eile i bpeigil an cúlumhain seo an mí seo caite. San aon amhras táimís go léir an-burdeac de'n dúine sin.

Criochnócamís ár scéilín mhu. Is cumhinn linn gur díot Caitteac a scát leis an nDiabhal ar mála mór óir. D'imtís an Diabhal agus d'airis Caitteac a gáire géar gáirdeac.

Táimís sceon ar Caitteac. D'imtís sé amac pé'n ngrém, ac scát ná scáil níor cuir sé ar an dtalam. Siubail sé ar aghar leis pé'n fan an bótar. Pé deire táimís safas cuimhnis aigne air pé'n. Níorb fáda go raib na mianta ag éiríse ann arís, mianta óil agus ragairne agus comluadair. Cuair sé go dtí an tigh tábairne. Tuig sae dúine go raib rúo éigin mídeart ag baint leis. Carraingeadar uair. Fáda 'na énap donair é agus ní féadfaínn sé aon tsásam abaint as an deoc abí roimis. Amac leis arís. Fú na leanbái, ní tiocparóis gar ná saor dó.

Ói tréit maíe amám ann—éirgead sé cun Aiprinn. An Domnae. D'ar gcionn cuair sé go dtí an Eaglais. Ar móo éigin, nuair a conaie na daome an gile mináourta abí ag baint leis cúbadar uair. D'fádaoar i surdeacán leis pé'n é agus, cé go raib ar curo aca seasam, ní tiocparó aome i n-aice leis. Rit sé de sciúro amac an doras, agus sócrúis sé gan teact arís cun an Aiprinn. (Mac cliste, glic abí an Diabhal ag obair?).

'Na díaró san, cuair Caitteac le craobacaib ar fáo, ag ól is ag ite tar póir, ag gabáil le pléisiúr agus le spórt agus gan aon cuimhneam i n-aon cor aige ar Dia ná ar dúine. Ba cuma leis beic 'na donair. Bíoró sé ró-mór

ar meisce cun aon nro do tabairt pé ndeara.

Lá amám bí sé ag siubail an bótar go luasac mícótrom. Conaie sé boctán roimis agus an gile neamhnáac céadna ag baint leis. Ní raib scát ná scáil 'a tionnlacan súo ac oiread. Ná bíoró aon éist ort ac gur bamead geit as Caitteac agus gur bamead an meisce as com maíe.

Beannúis an boctán go caom dó. Stao Caitteac ag stánad air.

"Cé tú pé'n?" arsa Caitteac.

"Is mise Boctán Assisi", arsa eisean. "Ba maíe liom póirtint ort".

"Conus is péoir leat-sa, boctán stracacite, póirtint ar mo leicéro-se?"

"Le comairle. Tá an t-áirseoir ag breic greama ort díaró ar ndíaró, agus ní fáda go mbeir 'na uamaib ar fáo má leanann tú ar aghar mar ataoi. Cait uait an saróbreas ipreanta san, glac spiorad an boctanaie cúsac pé'n, bíoró muniúean agat as Dia, cleactaie an t-Aipreann arís, gnáitúis na Sacramintí agus iarr ar Mhuire Mátaie teact i gcabair ort. Ní beir i n-aon duic ac damnúga i n-ápreann go deo muna ndeimir amlaio." Leis sin d'imtís Boctán Assisi.

D'airis Caitteac sort cumhracta 'na éoróe. Ói buige ann nár móitúis sé le bliadantaib roime. Cuair sé láiread cun an tsagairt agus nóit sé rún duba a éoróe dó. Níorb fáda go raib sé ar a glúnaib ag déanam faoisome. Agus nae air abí an t-ácas nuair a cula sé pocail solásaca na h-ablóroe. Cuair sé abailte agus rún damgean 'na éoróe san aon teangmáil abeit aige leis an nDiabhal ná le h-aon rúo a baint leis. Comnig sé an rún san agus maíe sé go suaire, suamneasac 'na díaró.

SAINT BRIGID

This is the month of St. Brigid, children. She was born in Faughart, Co. Louth, about 450 and she died in 523. Her father was a nobleman called Dubhthach, but her mother was a bondswoman called Broicseach. Brigid's early life was hard and cruel, but she loved God and accepted suffering for His sake. From her earliest days she loved the poor and was very, very charitable to them. That made many people, especially her father, extremely angry, but St. Brigid did not mind. She saw Christ in every beggar, and she would refuse Him nothing. She became a nun when she was about seventeen. She gathered about her seven or eight other nuns and so began a regular little community. She drew up a very rigid rule for this community which demanded long wearying toil, short hours of sleep and much fasting. St. Brigid and her nuns accepted this austere life for the love of their Divine Spouse. Very soon other young women were attracted to the community—life and requests came from all parts of the country to Brigid to found convents. So she had a very busy and strenuous time travelling all the counties of Ireland setting up convents. Very soon she was the head of thirteen thousand nuns, all consecrated to God.

Her most famous convent was at Kildare. Here she also set up a monastery for men. The fame of the communities of Kildare spread far and wide and many saints and scholars came that way. In spite of her busy time, St. Brigid managed to live a holy life of prayer, fasting and almsgiving, submitting her will to the will of God.

She had a very holy death and her soul went straight to the Arms of her Lord, Whom she had served so well.

A Naomh Brighid, a Mhuire na h-Eireann, guidh orainn.

Gráinne.

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Further supplies of tickets may be obtained on application to this office.

Readers—We earnestly appeal to you to do your utmost to make the draw a success.